

The Independent.

J. W. ROBERTS.

Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanics, Arts, News, and General Literature.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME V, NUMBER 30.

OSKALOOSA, KANSAS MARCH 25, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 233.

Selected Poetry.

WHO SHALL JUDGE?

AN OLD POETRY READER.
Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall tell him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May belch the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar,
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crumbed and overgrown;
God, who counts by souls, not drosses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values through the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
O'erlooks his fellow men,
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meanness hides a man.
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by faith,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's smouldering heart.

There are four-embroidered oceans,
There are little wood-clad hills,
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For, to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Telling truths alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Told lies are poisoners,
Feed and fattened by the same,
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with love and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper,
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-wide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

STANZAS.

Let me see long, blessed ages,
When these mangled days are done,
Breathing, like a golden evening,
Forward to the setting sun.

But if in you immortal clime,
Where flows no parting tear,
That root of earthly love may grow,
Which struck so deeply here,
With what a tide of boundless bliss,
A thrill of rapture wild,
An angel mother in the clouds,
Will greet her cherub child.

Prodigal praise at the dead man's tomb,
It the nightingale's song in the deaf man's room.

Selected Sketch.

LOST AND RESTORED.

BY AN ITINERANT.

"You have just returned, friend Manson," said Livingston, "from your Western journey?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have; and there was a circumstance which will make it the most memorable event in my whole life."

"Indeed, what was that, my friend?"

"Ah, it would take more time than either you or I could spare," replied Manson, "for me to relate, and you to listen to the particulars; but I will attempt a very brief sketch of the substance. When I went to school in Connecticut, I had a very dear friend and associate, named John McL—d. He was one of the brightest and best beloved pupils in the school. He grew up; paid his addresses to a beautiful and excellent young lady, a member of the church. At length he was married to his Mary, and they prepared immediately after that event, in pursuance of a previous plan, to leave the State. The day we were to separate, perhaps forever, I had a tender interview with my bosom friend and his lovely wife; it was deeply affecting to us all. The next morning they departed, with the affectionate farewells of many old and dear friends and neighbors in the town where they were born and reared, and with a handsome provision made by the parents of both, who were in affluent circumstances. Ten years elapsed, during which time I was called to the Methodist ministry in distant places, as my lot happened to be cast. Not a word concerning them reached my ears in all that time. The course of duty called me then to the vicinity of the place where my friends had settled, and I resolved to go out of my way considerably and give John and Mary a call. Arriving at the town, and inquiring for their residence, I was told they lived some distance from the centre of the village. At length I found the place. At the first glance my mind misgave me. The sight

of the miserable cabin made me sick, and after hitching my horse, I scarcely dared to enter. Knock, I could not; there was no door, nothing but a blanket stretched across the passage. Removing this, alas! what did I behold!—There was Mary sitting on a stool, with an infant on her lap, and another child in the corner on the ground, for the cabin had no floor.

O, sight of woe! how altered was the lovely Mary T—n!

"O, Mr. Manson, is it indeed you? We are ruined; John is lost, and the children and I are starving here. We have not had a morsel to eat since yesterday morning."

"Great heavens," said I, "and where is John?"

"He is at the store, and has not been here for several days."

"I must see him," I added.

"Better not, sir, he is savage now, and will ill-treat you."

"I must and will see John."

"I started immediately for the store according to her direction. There was no time to lose, for I was to be at Conference, whither I was bound, at a certain time appointed. I readily found the store, and entered. The first sight disclosed four men playing cards at a table. The next glance disclosed a man stretched out along a whisky bogglehead. The landlord was sitting by, but he instantly hopped up and ran behind the counter to wait upon me, supposing I was a customer. Said I—

"Is John McL—d here?"

"They looked at me, on hearing that question, as if I had been the 'Evil One,' or the sheriff."

"What is that to you?" he sullenly replied.

"I want to see him."

"While I was speaking I took another sweep of the room with my eye, and saw something like a man asleep in the corner."

"Is that John?"

"None of your business," answered the surly bar-keeper.

"If it is that unhappy man, you will find it some of my business."

So I went to him, recognized him, though in this shocking, beastly plight, and began to try and wake him. This was no easy job, and while I was about it the rumrunner and his guests remonstrated, telling me to go away, threatening chastisement, and showing violence. I had in my hand a loaded whip, and am not inferior, you know, in point of wiry, muscular power. In the whole of the twenty-seven years I have been in the ministry, I never felt so strong a disposition as at that moment, to give four or five men a thrashing. They were intimidated, and I succeeded in getting John upon his legs, and trotting him off homewards. My presence and the exercise sobered him, so that when he reached his hotel he was in his right mind."

I forgot to mention that when I first went into the house, the child upon the ground started up affrighted, running to her mother, crying—

"Is he going to carry me to jail, mother, where father was?"

And the mother sobbed upon my hand as if her heart would break. Well, I conversed with them an hour, talked of old times in Connecticut, the old village and school boys. He was softened, his wife put in her earnest, almost frantic plea. She felt this to be indeed the hour of destiny:

"Do you think I can keep it?" at length asked the miserable man, once so promising, now so fallen. "Is it possible for me to be saved?"

"It is," said I, with confidence and hope, "you can keep it, I know you can, and in the name of humanity and religion, try it, dear John, and God will help you."

At last he consented. We knelt down on the earth—there was no chair or table in the house—I took out the pledge which I always carry in my pocket, placing it on the stool where Mary had been sitting, and handed him my pencil. He wrote his name. Notwithstanding his condition, it was beautifully written, as I afterwards observed, for he was an excellent English scholar. We did not rise till I had relieved my overburdened heart to prayer, and I prayed with all my struggling soul, and his despairing wife joined me in all the solemn invocation, that the Father of all mercies would receive the returning prodigal to his arms, and that he might never go astray again.

It was now quite time for me to go and resume my journey; but I could not leave the town before I called upon the class leader, left him some money for the family, and enjoined upon him to look after them, and throw around John the shield of all good influences, to prevent his suffering a relapse. Whatever further charges he should incur on their account, I promised to pay as soon as informed of them.

Another decade passed, during which no tidings came to me at the East from this interesting couple. At length I was called again to visit those western regions, and to pass near the residence of this unfortunate brother. On reaching the town, my disappointment was extreme, to learn that he had removed to a distant county. I anticipated misfortune, but as the place designated was not far off from my intended route, I resolved to go on and see him. When I entered the town of—, in which John was said to live, I made inquiry for his dwelling, and was told it was the second house on the left hand side of the road. Being now so near, I hastened onward eagerly, and presently a nice framed building painted white appeared. I could not help putting up an ejaculatory prayer that my dear friend might be so happy as to occupy any house half so respectable as this. Expectation now became painfully intense. What in mercy was I sent to see? A scene like that, or worse, which, ten years before, left such awful traces on the memory never to be obliterated? I could not tell. At a sudden turn in the road, I thought I discerned another white house in the distance among the trees. Yes, it was so, with green blinds, and as I went nearer, gravelled walks were seen, a handsome pailing and ornamental trees, and shrubbery. Surely, there is a mistake in the direction; this cannot be John's house! Yet it is the second on the left.

Fastening my horse to a hook, I went to the door and knocked. A girl just on the verge of womanhood, opened it.

"Does Mr. McL—d live here?" I inquired, with trembling voice.

"He does, sir."

"Is he or his wife at home?"

"Mother is within, sir, but father is in the field. Please walk in, sir."

My eye glanced through the open parlor door. There was a handsome chair and other furniture; but I saw no more, for Mrs. McL—d by this time was informed of a gentleman's arrival, and lost no time in making her appearance. "Good God!" was all I remember to have heard from her, as she rushed forward on seeing me, and clasped me by the neck. She almost fainted, and shed a flood of tears, and my own composition was not much more composed. Recovering a little, she informed me that her husband was at home, but out upon the farm. Too impatient to wait, I hurried away to see him. He met me as he was coming home. As soon as he knew who it was, he ran forward and grasped me in his arms, saying, as he strained me to his bosom.

"Thank God I thank God! you are my savior under heaven. 'This is all your work,' looking round, 'O, I am rejoiced that you are here to see it.'"

When we had returned to the house, the ten year's history of struggle, repentance and reformation, was recounted. Prosperity was the consequence. The dwelling was his, the farm and all. His wife was happy. The beautiful girl, almost a woman now, was the dirty child that was crawling on the ground at my first visit. There were three children now.

"To crown the whole," said he, "after I had preserved a year in abstinence according to that blessed pledge, taken on that awful day, on the stool in the log hut, which rises to me sometimes with spectral horror—after keeping it sacredly a year, I committed myself to the church, of which my wife, who has been an angel helping me, was a member. Prosperity attended my worldly business. I wanted to be more useful; I needed something more; and commenced studies for the ministry. My dear friend and brother, I am now a minister of the everlasting gospel."

The brave man wants no charm to encourage him to duty, and the good man scorns all warnings that would deter him from fulfilling it.

Hope, like the rainbow, leads us over grown boys to run, while we pursue it in vain.

Miscellaneous.

I'll Marry Him, I Need a Home.

Many, many times do these words sound the death knell to all earthly happiness; many, many times is this the burden of a requiem to which Heaven alone listens when the marriage vow is plighted; a requiem which the fair, pale bride would not for the world speak aloud, but which every heart-throb thrusts home to her burning spirit, even while in deceitful mockery she answers the fatal "yes!"

"I'll marry him, for I need a home." Poor girl! she gives her hand, but there is no heart in the matter, she is clearly aware of his unfitness to make her happy; she even shrieks, at first, with ill-concealed inward loathing, from the idea of surrendering herself to a man whom her heart has not chosen. She tries to summon courage sufficient to refuse him; but she is conscious of her entire inability to depend upon herself. She says, "he will at least keep me in a respectable condition in life—I must marry." And forthwith she stands at the altar and plights a love she does not feel. She becomes his wife, not from a pure sense of love and duty, but from the mercenary desire to obtain a shelter from the fierce storms whose violence she is unable to resist by her own powers. Helpless creature—how deserving of pity!

"I'll marry him, for I need a home." Young lady, is this to be the motive that decides your choice? Heaven forbid! Arm yourself with a consciousness of power to grapple with actual life for yourself. By a careful process of self-culture prepare a true womanly independence, should death deprive you of your natural protectors and supporters. Prepare to stand self-supported among the selfish throng that crowd life's motley stage. You will then be at liberty to consult your own heart, whenever a candidate for your hand appears. You could even venture to marry the man you loved, even if he had no home, with the joyful thought of being able to help him get one—and what a happy home would that be!

"I'll marry him, for I need some one to love—some one who loves and cares for me"—this is the last reasoning. With this your motto, this your aim, you shall be the crowning glory of your home, and your husband shall acknowledge you to be the good genius of his existence; and this invaluable power of self-reliance shall be a precious talisman of safety, at all times and under all circumstances, and will prepare you for any crisis or condition to which you may be called.

"I'll marry him, for I need a home." Yes, and a miserable, unhappy home you will have, with nothing but mercenary love in it. Your character shall determine the question of your husband's success in the mighty battles of life, for many a man of high promise, and golden gifts has been dragged down into despair by a weak minded, inefficient wife, who "just married him to get a home." She is but weakness and disease to his pinion, instead of beauty and vigor to his wings, which would otherwise have borne him on to honor and fortune.

Dying Nations.

Why do nations die? Cultivated Greece and all conquering Rome; Vandal, and Goth, and Hun, and Moor, and Pole, and Turk, all dead or dying. Why? Murdered by nations more powerful? Swallowed by earthquakes? Swept away by pestilence or plague, or starved by pitiless famine? Not by any of these. Not by the lightning and thunder; not by the tempest and the storm; not by poisoned air of volcanic fires did they die! They perished by moral degradation, the legitimate result of gluttony, intemperance and effeminacy. When a nation becomes rich, then there is leisure and the means of indulging in the appetites and passions of our nature, which waste the body and wreck the mind. As with nations, so with families. Riches take away the wholesome stimulus of effort, idleness opens the floodgates of passionate indulgence, and the heir of millions dies heirless and poor, and both name and memory ingloriously rot.

If, then, there is any truth and power in argument, each man owes it to himself, to his country, and more than all, to his Maker, to live a life of temperance, industry, and self-denial as to every animal gratification; and with these, having an eye to the glory of God, this nation of ours will with increasing prosperity and renown until, with one foot on land and another on the sea, the angel of eternity proclaims time is no longer!

What They Say.

While the deacons were taking up a contribution in a church in New Haven, last Sunday, a little girl asked her mother, "What do those men pass around corn-poppers for?"

"Ma," said a little boy, "why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?" "I can't tell, my son. Why is it?" "Because it gets licked and put in a corner."

Ingratitude to Parents.

There is a proverb that "a father can more easily maintain six children, than six children one father." Luther relates this story:—There was once a father who gave up everything to his children—his house, his fields, and goods—and expected for this his children would support him. But after he had been sometime with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him "Father, I have had a son born to me this night, and there where your armchair stands, the cradle must come; will you not, perhaps, go to my brother, who has a large room?" After he had been a some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said, "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Won't you go to my brother, the baker?" The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found him troublesome, and said to him, "Father, the people run in and out here all day as if it were a pigeon-house, and you cannot have your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town wall?" The old man remarked to himself how the wind blew, and said to himself, "Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. Women have softer hearts." But after he had spent some time with his daughter, she grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful, when her father went to church or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs; and at her sister Elizabeth's there was no steps to descend as she lives on the ground floor. For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to his other daughter. But after some time, she too, was tired of him, and told him by a third person, that her house near the water, was too damp for a man suffering with gout, and her sister the grave digger's wife, at St. John's, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter, Helen. But after he had been three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather, "Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth that the best chamber for you was such a one as father digs."

These words broke the old man's heart, so that he sank back in his chair and died.

A SABBATH SCHOOL INCIDENT.—At a meeting in Exeter Hall, London, where there was a vast number of Sabbath-school children assembled, a clergyman arose on the platform, and told them of two bad little boys whom he had once known, and of a good little girl whom he learned to know. This little girl had been to Sabbath-school, where she had learned "to do good every day." Seeing two little boys quarrelling, she went up to them, told them how wickedly they were acting, made them desist from fighting, and in the end told them to attend Sunday school. These boys were Tom and Jim. "Now, children," said the gentleman, "would you like to see Jim?"

All shouted with one voice, "Yes, yes!"

"Jim, get up!" said the gentleman, looking over to another part of the stage. A reverend looking missionary arose and looked smilingly upon the children.

"Now would you like to see Tom?"

"Yes! yes!" responded through the house.

"Well, look at me—I am Tom, and I too have been a missionary for many years."

Now, would you like to see little Mary Wood?

The response was even more loud and earnest than before, "Yes."

"Well, do you see that lady over there in the blue silk bonnet?—that is little Mary Wood, and she is my wife!"

Self Denial.

Many an unwise parent works hard, and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man adrift with the money left him by his relatives, is like tying a bladder under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the bladders. Give your child a sound education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources and the blessing of God, the better.

A doctor detained in court as a witness, complained to the judge that if he was kept from his patients they might recover in his absence.

The editor of the Atrocious Times, crowing over a big egg, calls upon his contemporaries to "beat it if they can." One would think anybody might beat an egg.

A fox is known by the lightness of his head, and polish of his hat.

KINDNESS TO THE KIDGLOVES.—A young woman, some time ago, entered a dry goods store and wished to look at several things, and among others at kid gloves. After looking at ribbons, laces, and sundry articles, she made a small matter of a few cents. A gentleman in the store noticed that she had concealed one pair of the kid gloves which had been put on the counter for her examination. While the clerk was making change, the gentleman managed to notify the merchant of the theft. Mary would have spoken very harshly and reproachfully to the young woman, or perhaps have charged her double for the gloves, but a better spirit moved this good merchant. Wishing to speak with her aside for a moment, he told her that he was aware she had yielded to a base temptation, and had taken a pair of gloves. She acknowledged her guilt, and would make any required compensation. But he would neither take the gloves back, nor take any compensation for them. Kindly and brother-like, he desired her to keep them as a warning, hoping that no such temptation would ever overcome her again. Who could have done anything more noble and worthy?

In the battle of Waterloo, at a moment when every thing depended on the steadiness of a regiment of English, at a particular point, where the enemy charged fiercely with all his strength, courier after courier kept dashing into the presence of the Duke of Wellington, to tell him that they must be immediately relieved or withdrawn, or else they would give way. The answer to them all was the same, "Stand firm." "But we shall perish," exclaimed the officer. "Stand firm!" was the stirring answer. "You will find us there," exclaimed the officer, as he galloped furiously back to the post of peril. And there they were found, every man of the whole brigade, fighting to the death, and it was that firmness that gained the Victory, though every man of them perished. So must the soldier of Christ stand firm, on the face of danger and death. It is a thousand times more dangerous to yield than to stand and fight. To yield is to perish, but to fight is certainly to conquer, though dying. There is no danger in dying for Christ, no danger in standing firm, all the danger is in yielding.—Cheever.

A sudden gust of wind took the parson from the hand of his owner, and a lively Emerald, dropping his head of bristles, caught the parson, and presented it to the loser, saying, "if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you."

"Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smiling.

"Trot, madam," said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was once a heaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."

A little girl whose parents had recently been ejected from lodging on account of their inability to pay their rent was at a German Sunday School when the teacher questioned her:—"Have you read your catechism?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know the history of the creation?" "God made the world and our first parents."

"Why were Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise?" "I suppose because they couldn't pay the rent!"

A Miss Gilmore, somewhere down East, was courted by a man whose name was Haddock, who told her that he only wanted one gift more to make him a perfect fish.

"I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance.

"Why do you have a fresh one; why don't you have it cured?"

A young lady, engaged in writing, observed to a clergyman present, that she was a Scribe. To which the man in orders, with a sagacity and clerical discernment truly credible, replied, "And fair I see." (Pharisee.)

Of all our passions and appetites, the love of power is of the most imperious and unsocial nature, since the pride of one man requires the submission of the multitude.

Men have worshipped some fantastic being for living alone in a wilderness; but social martyrdoms place no saints upon the calendar.

You may speak out more plainly to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

True friendship increases as life's end approaches; just as the shadow lengthens with every degree the sun declines towards its setting.

When is a ship like a vintner? When she is making port.

Be not deceived by outward appearances.

Some persons act as though the only way for them to rise was to pull somebody else down. Such individuals have small souls.

A man acquires more glory by defending than accusing others.

Never marry but for love; but see that you love what is lovely.

Farm and Household.

Transplanting Trees and Shrubs.

We are often asked, When is the best time to transplant trees and shrubs? To all such questions we would say: if your soil is well drained and in good heart, it may be done now, with the single exception of evergreens. But if the soil is not well drained, don't set out a single tree or shrub until it is. Before planting, plow the soil deep, using a sub-soil plow; and be sure it has not been exhausted by former crops. Trees need food equally with any other crop, and suffer more from the want of it than any other. A coating of fresh manure applied just before planting, is worse than useless. Don't dig your holes very deep, but be sure and make them wide enough, so that every root may be placed in its natural position, with plenty of space to spare. If you will plant in wet ground, set the roots on the surface, and heap the soil over them, but all such cases should be left until spring. The great secret of planting, is to obtain plants with good roots that have never been allowed to get dry, filling in carefully around every root-let with the hand, so that no empty space is left, using mellow soil alone for this purpose, without any manure; and putting the young trees very little or no deeper in the ground than they were in the nursery. Grape vines may be treated a little differently in regard to depth of setting. If the roots and branches are dry, or partially so, when received, bury all in the ground for two or three weeks; this will often save them. Trees or shrubs that are liable to winter-kill, should not be transplanted until spring, and many prefer spring to fall planting. Spring transplanted plants are full of sap, and consequently get a good start, but this is of less account than doing the work well.

How to Kill Canada Thistles.

Seeing a communication from S. P. Lilley, inquiring how to kill Canada thistles, I would say, the best and surest method that I have ever seen tried, is frequent plowing. Begin in the spring, as soon as they get started five or six inches high, and turn them all under with the plow. Be careful not to leave one above ground. Repeat the plowing five or six times in the course of the season, and you will effectually kill them. The method you propose of salting them would be a tedious process, on a patch of any great size. I was raised in Vermont, where the thistles were very thick, and ran among them barefoot, after the cows and making hay, till I hate even the name of them.

LIME.—Land that has been a long time used, is full of fibrous roots of vegetables. On such land, lime should be used bountifully to decompose the old fibrous matter, and pulverize the inert and insoluble particles of the earth. It combines with the acids of the earth, neutralizes them, and renders the earth sweet. In all such land there is a resinous matter that prevents the decomposition of the vegetable matter. Lime combines with this resinous matter, and soap, which then aids decomposition.

RICE BREAD.—Boil one pound and a half of rice gently in two quarts of water and a quart of skimmed milk; when it has become a thick paste, mix it into a paste of flour, and add in the usual way as much flour and yeast as will make good dough. To be made into loaves, and baked in the usual way. You may add more rice, if you like, in the proportion of half a pound to every quart of water or milk.

BATH CAKES.—Mix well together a quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of flour, two eggs, and a tablespoonful of yeast; set the mixture before the fire to rise, and when this has been effected, add two ounces of fine powdered sugar, and half an ounce of caraway seed. Roll the paste out into little cakes. Bake them on tins.

AN EXCELLENT COMMON FRIED CAKE.—One cupful of sugar, one cupful of cream, three eggs, some cinnamon or nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of saleratus. Cut in jumbles or in strips, and twist and fry in lard.

INDIAN GRIDDLE CAKES.—One quart of sifted Indian meal, four large spoonfuls of flour, a quart of new milk, four eggs well beaten, and a little salt. Bake them on a soapstone griddle.

SODA BISCUITS.—One pint of sweet milk, three of sour, butter of the size of two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, and four spoonfuls of cream-tartar. Put in flour last and knead well.

MOLASSES PRES.—Take two teacups of molasses, one of vinegar, and three heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, stir up in a cup of water; add a lump of butter the size of a hen's egg; stir it while boiling until it becomes a thick paste. Flavor with nutmeg or lemon.

A DISH OF SNOW.—Take a large coconut, break it in pieces, pare off the dark skin, and then grate on a coarse grater. Serve the grated nut in small glass dishes to eat with ices, preserves, jellies or jams.